

*Ang.* Then must your brother die.  
*Isa.* And 'twere the cheaper way:  
 Better it were a brother dide at once,  
 Then that a sister, by redeeming him  
 Should die for euer.

*Ang.* Were not you then as cruell as the Sentence,  
 That you haue slander'd so?

*Isa.* Ignomie in ranfome, and free pardon  
 Are of two houses: lawfull mercie,  
 Is nothing kin to fowle redemption.

*Ang.* You seem'd of late to make the Law a tirant,  
 And rather prou'd the sliding of your brother  
 A merriment, then a vice.

*Isa.* Oh pardon me my Lord, it oft fals out  
 To haue, what we would haue,  
 We speake not what we meane;  
 I something do excuse the thing I haue,  
 For his aduantage that I dearely loue.

*Ang.* We are all fraile.  
*Isa.* Else let my brother die,  
 If not a fedarie but onely he  
 Owe, and succeed thy weaknesse.

*Ang.* Nay, women are fraile too.

*Isa.* I, as the glasses where they view themselves,  
 Which are as easie broke as they make formes:  
 Women? Helpe heauen; men their creation marre  
 In profiting by them: Nay, call vs ten times fraile,  
 For we are soft, as our complexions are,  
 And credulous to false prints.

*Ang.* I thinke it well.  
 And from this testimonie of your owne sex  
 (Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger  
 Then fautes may shake our frames) let me be bold;  
 I do arrest your words. Bet that you are  
 That is a woman; if you be more, you're none.

If you be one (as you are well exprest  
 By all externall warrants) shew it now,  
 By putting on the destin'd Lingerie.

*Isa.* I haue no tongue but one; gentle my Lord,  
 Let me entreate you speake the former language.

*Ang.* Plainlie conceiue I loue you.

*Isa.* My brother did loue *Isabell*,  
 And you tell me that he shall die for't.

*Ang.* He shall not *Isabell* if you giue me loue.

*Isa.* I know your vertue hath a licence in't,  
 Which seemes a little fouler then it is,  
 To plucke on others.

*Ang.* Belecue me on mine Honor,  
 My words expresse my purpose.

*Isa.* Ha? Little honor, to be much beleue'd,  
 And most pernicious purpose: Seeming, seeming.  
 I will proclaime thee *Angelo*, looke for't:  
 Signe me a present pardon for my brother,  
 Or with an out-stretcht throte ile tell the world aloud  
 What man thou art.

*Ang.* Who will belecue thee *Isabell*?  
 My vnsoild name, th'aufterrenesse of my life,  
 My vouch against you, and my place in't State,  
 Will so your accusation ouer-weigh,  
 That you shall stifle in your owne report,  
 And smell of calumnie. I haue begun,  
 And now I giue my sensuall race, the reine;  
 Fit thy consent to my sharpe appetite,  
 Lay by all nicetie, and prolixious blushes  
 That banish what they sue for: Redeeme thy brother,  
 By yielding vp thy bodie to my will,

Or else he must not onely die the death,  
 But thy vnkindnesse shall his death draw out  
 To lingring sufferance: Answer me to morrow,  
 Or by the affection that now guides me most,  
 Ile proue a Tirant to him. As for you,  
 Say what you can; my false, ore-weighs your true. *Exit*

*Isa.* To whom should I complaine? Did I tell this,  
 Who would belecue me? O perillous mouthes  
 That beare in them, one and the selfesame tongue,  
 Either of condemnation, or approofe,  
 Bidding the Law make curtisie to their will,  
 Hooking both right and wrong to th'appetite,  
 To follow as it drawes. Ile to my brother,  
 Though he hath false by prompture of the blood,  
 Yet hath he in him such a minde of Honor,  
 That had he twentie heads to tender downe  
 On twentie bloodie blockes, he'd yeeld them vp,  
 Before his sister should her bodie steepe  
 To such abhord pollution.

Then *Isabell* liue chaste, and brother die;  
 "More then our Brother, is our Chastitie.  
 Ile tell him yet of *Angelo*'s request,  
 And fit his minde to death, for his soules rest. *Exit*

### Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

*Enter Duke, Claudio, and Pronost.*

*Du.* So then you hope of pardon from Lord *Angelo*?

*Cl.* The miserable haue no other medicine  
 But onely hope: I haue hope to liue, and am prepar'd to die.

*Duke.* Be absolute for death: either death or life  
 Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:  
 If I do loose thee, I do loose a thing  
 That none but foolles would keepe: a breath thou art,  
 Seruile to all the skyie-influences,  
 That dost this habitation where thou keepst  
 Hourly afflict: Meerely, thou art death's foole,  
 For him thou labourst by thy flight to shun,  
 And yet runst toward him still. Thou art not noble,  
 For all th'accommodations that thou bearest,  
 Are nurst by basenesse: Thou'rt by no meanes valiant,  
 For thou dost feare the soft and tender forke  
 Of a poore worme: thy best of rest is sleepe,  
 And that thou oft prouok'st, yet grossellie fearst  
 Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thy selfe,  
 For thou exist'st on manie a thousand graines  
 That issue out of dust. Happie thou art not,  
 For what thou hast not, still thou striu'st to get,  
 And what thou hast forgett'st. Thou art not certaine,  
 For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,  
 After the Moone: If thou art rich, thou'rt poore,  
 For like an Asse, whose backe with Ingots bowes;  
 Thou bearest thy heauie riches but a iourne,  
 And death vnloads thee; Friend hast thou none.  
 For thine owne bowels which do call thee, fire  
 The meere effusion of thy proper loines  
 Do curse the Gowt, Sapego, and the Rheume  
 For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth, nor age  
 But as it were an after-dimmers sleepe  
 Dreaming on both, for all thy blessed youth  
 Becomes as aged, and doth begge the almes  
 Of palsied Eld: and when thou art old, and rich

Thou hast neither heate, affection, limbe, nor beautie  
 To make thy riches pleasant: what's yet in this  
 That beares the pame of life? Yet in this life  
 Lie hid moe thousand deaths; yet death we feare  
 That makes these oddes, all euen.

*Cl.* I humbly thanke you.  
 To sue to liue, I finde I seeke to die,  
 And seeking death, finde life: Let it come on.

*Enter Isabella.*  
*Isa.* What hoa? Peace heere; Grace, and good com-

panie.  
*Pro.* Who's there? Come in, the with deserues a welcome.

*Duke.* Deere sir, ere long Ile visit you againe.

*Cl.* Most holie Sir, I thanke you.

*Isa.* My businesse is a word or two with *Claudio*.

*Pro.* And verie welcom: looke Signior, here's your sister.

*Duke.* Prouost, a word with you.

*Pro.* As manie as you please.

*Duke.* Bring them to heare me speak, where I may be conceal'd.

*Cl.* Now sister, what's the comfort?

*Isa.* Why,  
 As all comforts are: most good, most good indeede,  
 Lord *Angelo* hauing affaires to heauen  
 Intends you for his swift Ambassador,  
 Where you shall be an euerlasting Leiger;  
 Therefore your best appointment make with speed,  
 To Morrow you set on.

*Cl.* Is there no remedie?

*Isa.* None; but such remedie, as to saue a head  
 To cleaue a heart in twaine:

*Cl.* But is there anie?

*Isa.* Yes brother, you may liue;  
 There is a diuellish mercie in the Iudge,  
 If you'll implore it, that will free your life,  
 But fetter you till death.

*Cl.* Perpetuall durance?

*Isa.* I iust, perpetuall durance, a restraint  
 Through all the worlds vailiditie you had  
 To a determin'd scope.

*Cl.* But in what nature?

*Isa.* In such a one, as you consenting too't,  
 Would barke your honor from that trunk you beare,  
 And leaue you naked.

*Cl.* Let me know the point.

*Isa.* Oh, I do feare thee *Claudio*, and I quake,  
 Least thou a feaurous life shouldst entertaine,  
 And six or seuen winters more respect  
 Then a perpetuall Honor. Dar'st thou die?

The fence of death is most in apprehension,  
 And the poore Beetle that we treade vpon  
 In corporall sufferance, finds a pang as great,  
 As when a Giant dies.

*Cl.* Why giue you me this shame?

Thinke you I can a resolution fetch  
 From flowrie tendernesse? If I must die,  
 I will encounter darknesse as a bride,  
 And hugge it in mine armes.

*Isa.* There spake my brother: there my fathers graue  
 Did vnder forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:  
 Thou art too noble, to conserue a life  
 In base appliances. This outward fainted Deputie,  
 Whose fetted visage, and deliberate word  
 Nips youth in't head, and follies doth cinnew

Thou

As Falcon doth the Fowle,  
 His filth within being cast,  
 A pond, as deepe as hell.

*Cl.* The prenzie, *Angelo*?

*Isa.* Oh 'tis the cunning  
 The damnest bodie to inue  
 In prenzie gardes; dost thou  
 If I would yeeld him my vi  
 Thou might'st be freed?

*Cl.* Oh heauens, it car

*Isa.* Yes, he would giu

So to offend him still. This

That I should do what I ab

Or else thou diest to morro

*Cl.* Thou shalt not de

*Isa.* O, were it but my li

I'de throw it downe for yo

As frankly as a pin.

*Cl.* Thankes deere *Isa*

*Isa.* Be readie *Claudio*,

*Cl.* Yes, Has he affe

That thus can make him bi

When he would force it? S

Or of the deadly feuen it is

*Isa.* Which is the least

*Cl.* If it were damnable

Why would he for the mo

Be perdurable fin'de? Oh

*Isa.* What saies my bro

*Cl.* Death is a feareful

*Isa.* And shamed life, a

*Cl.* I, but to die, and g

To lie in cold obstru

This sensible warme motio

A kneaded clod; And the d

To bath in fierie floods, or

In thrilling Region of thic

To be imprison'd in the vie

And blowne with restless

The pendant world: or to be

Of those, that lawlesse and

Imagine howling, 'tis too

The weariest, and most lo

That Age, Ache, periury, a

Can lay on nature, is a Para

To what we feare of death.

*Isa.* Alas, alas.

*Cl.* Sweet Sister, let me

What sinne you do, to saue

Nature dispenses with the

That it becomes a vertue.

*Isa.* Oh you beast,

Oh faithlesse Coward, oh d

Wilt thou be made a man,

Is't not a kinde of Incest, to

From thine owne sisters sha

Heauen shield my Mother p

For such a warped slip of wi

Nere issu'd from his blood.

Die, perish: Might but my

Repreue thee from thy fate

Ile pray a thousand praisers

No word to saue thee.

*Cl.* Nay heare me *Isabell*

*Isa.* Oh fie, fie, fie:

Thy sinne's not accidentall,